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and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

It is also designed to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given in its pages, with correspondence and articles from our foreign chaplains, and from chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will also be furnished to Life Directors and Life Members of the Society, gratuitously, upon annual request for the same.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, etc., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. —Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, at 30 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.



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LOAN LIBRARY WORK FOR SEAMEN.

ITS NECESSITY, NATURE, GROWTH, RESULTS.

We have something to say on each of these points, out of the experience and observation of many years, that we may impress upon readers the value of this agency in the prosecution of religious and reformatory work for those on whose behalf we are especially called to labor. In what we write we have no case to make, as the saying goes,—but only to exhibit facts which are continuously and increasingly presented to us, and try to incite reflective attention to them. If that can be secured, we are sure that their force will be felt by all who have learned that the Lord Jesus Christ has a kingdom on the sea, full possession of which is to come to Him through the use of means appropriate to and ordained for its triumph.

The author of the *Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, one of the most compact and comprehensive of all treatises on themes with which it deals, devotes a supplementary chapter in his volume, as some of our readers will remember,—to the *Necessity of a Written Revelation as a Means for the Moral Culture of Mankind*. His positions are clearly stated, his reasoning is sound, and his conclusion of such a necessity is logically reached. Human experience and church history attest and illustrate his proposition.

Accordingly, to go no further back, the oral preaching of the Gospel in Apostolic days was at once supplemented, made permanent and effective, in its influence, by *Christian Writings*, needful for the conserva-

tion of fact and dogma, through each of which as a vehicle for transmitting truth, the hearts of men were to be led to Jesus Christ. It has been by means of *Sacred Writings*, and a literature therewith connected, in all ages of the church, that men, called out of sin to life and service for Christ have been created and trained in righteousness.

It is not difficult to discern the bearing of these statements upon a systematized method of preaching the Gospel, that consists in providing and disseminating a literature carefully informed through all its compass, with the spirit of Christ. If such an agency be requisite at one period in the world, it will be requisite at every other period;—if it be needful to any in the human family, it will be requisite for the spiritual life of all men. If it have any abiding and inevitable relation to the entry of landsmen into the Kingdom of God, and to their citizenship, there, it will have the same permanent and necessary relation to that of those who “go down to the sea in ships.”

Indeed, if it could be that in a given case, one necessity be ever stronger than another, it would appear that as a recipient of Christ's salvation by appropriate means, the world's sailors must find in such a literature, available to them on shipboard, an instrumentality called for by their special way of life, which landsmen may well be comparatively slow to recognize as essential to themselves. What, indeed, has the sailor as a lost sinner to be saved by faith in Jesus, begotten by the word of truth,—in the great majority of cases, and while he follows the calling in which most of them die,—besides the “printed page,” that he may know of any Savior? How far are other efforts made to reach him for Christ, whether on land or sea, taking sailors as they are, and in the great preponderance of their experiences,—to which he is very likely to widely yield?

These are questions alike pertinent and weighty. We submit that just answers to them make it needful that seamen, as a class, have access, at sea, to a literature which makes the Gospel available to them when afloat, if they are to be brought into the kingdom of God. It is not simply a good,—it is a necessary thing that this be done, if the men of the sea are to be made Christian disciples.

How clearly it was in the minds of those who nearly a quarter of a century ago made the beginnings of the Loan Library work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, to provide an agency which they saw to be a necessity for the uplift and regeneration of seamen, we cannot say. They probably builded better than they knew, even if they had some prevision of the reality, as is usual in the experience of pioneers in all great movements for the good of men. But if they had apprehended this necessity to the full extent, and had submitted to

the manifest supervision of an unerring wisdom, it is not easy to believe that they could have wrought more to the purpose than they did, in the determination of its nature, and in the shaping of its details. The closest familiarity, on our part, with these libraries, in their make-up and adaptations for the past ten years, affords the means for correct judgment in these respects. The foot-note herewith printed * gives particulars, which we need not dwell upon. But we can assure our readers of what the Christian public is largely coming to know, that in their size and in the number and character of their volumes, each of these libraries witnesses to a discerning knowledge on the part of the Society, of what it is now practicable to supply to the men of the sea, in sending to them a literature which has for its best and paramount end to make them disciples of Christ. There is both variety and freshness, under necessary limitations, sufficient to attract and please all classes of minds among sailors, and there is in each, also, a remarkable unity in selection with a view to results aimed at. Secular reading of the most wholesome nature is so mingled with moral and religious reading, that a means of influence is created in which nearly every factor tells in the final issue, for the highest good.

The testimony of practical men who have had to do with sailors for scores of years, as well as that from sailors themselves,—of officers and seamen alike, in both merchant and naval service, gathered by the Society through the years in which this work has been prosecuted, is decisive on the point of which we write,—and can be furnished to almost any extent. The excellence to which it witnesses is the fruit of constant and painstaking care, and our Loan Library of to-day is, on the whole, a better one than we have ever issued before,

* The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S Loan Libraries for seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian:—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor. For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sunday-schools. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-school contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. And it mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same.

In view of all that has been said, the steady growth of this agency for doing good will hardly excite surprise. The work has been faithfully done, and of late years, especially, has been faithfully heralded. The following statements exhibit its steady advance since its inception as a system, in 1858-9. Beginning at that time, our shipments of new libraries have been as follows:—in 1858-59, 10; in 1859-60, 94; in 1860-61, 113; in 1861-62, 117; in 1862-63, 218; in 1863-64, 421; in 1864-65, 396; in 1865-66, 307; in 1866-67, 534; in 1867-68, 437; in 1868-69, 387; in 1869-70, 359; in 1870-71, 326; in 1871-72, 312; in 1872-73, 360; in 1873-74, 388; in 1874-75, 460; in 1875-76, 326; in 1876-77, 307; in 1877-78, 386; in 1878-79—(11 months), 244; in 1879-80, 297; in 1880-81, 312; and in the months since April 1st, 1881, we have issued, up to February 1st, 1882, 311 of these libraries,—so that to the first of February of the present year, the Society has sent out 7,422 new libraries, with more than 402,000 volumes. From this whole number there have been 7,620 reshipments,—each library reshipped usually going out three or more times. The books have been available to more than 300,000 seamen. Nine hundred and twenty-one libraries, with 33,156 volumes had been placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, up to April 1st of last year,—and were accessible to 105,236 men. One hundred libraries had been placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to 900 Keepers and surfmen, up to the same date.

These figures are so eloquent that if they be studied they make their own enforcement of truth, and declare convincingly that a system of whose increase they are the exponents, has already established the certainty of its coming life and expanding usefulness. It is significant in this connection, that, in 1874, a Scotch Countess sought this way of blessing seamen, by forwarding to our Treasury, £300, for the issue of a hundred libraries to be placed on American ships, in memory of her son, the Earl of Aberdeen,—that among other donors a keen-eyed Christian merchant of New York has sent out over 300 of these libraries, since 1872, at a cost of nearly \$7,000; and that within the present year of the Society's history, several legacies and contributions, each of them of hundreds of dollars, have come to us for this department of our labor.

It is beyond our power at this time to do more than direct attention, in outline, to the facts which have come and are flowing from this system of effort for sailors in the way of results attained. The mass of evidence which has accumulated is by far too great to admit of more than this treatment, in a brief article. Here, too, the pages of the

SAILORS' MAGAZINE and special publications of the Society afford the means for careful and correct estimate of what has been secured. We generalize their testimony, as we must do, and say that on every sea and ocean, and through all the years, by means of these books, there has come to sailors, and they now have in their possession, so far as the Society has been able to provide for them, everything which always comes to men from the Gospel which they contain and preach. Thousands from this class of men within the human family have had and have, by means of them, the solace of recreation and amusement, after hours of hardship and peril, which would never have been theirs, except for these loan libraries. The same thousands have found them a softening and humanizing element upon their rough natures, and by means of them the darkness of their mental ignorance has been dissipated. Best of all, the books have been blest to scores and hundreds of sailors who have been born again to God, in the new life which has become theirs through the salvation of Christ. That salvation they have often earned and laid hold of through these libraries. We are willing to close our indication of results, by the use in this place,—although it has been used by us before,—of recent testimony from Captain DREW of the *Sea Witch*.

"I was among the first," he says,—“to have charge of a library,—twenty years ago,—and have been accompanied by one ever since, it being changed each voyage at our Rooms. I can see in these twenty years a great difference in the deportment of seamen. I think they are improving. Both masters and officers are advancing in the same way. A quarter of a century ago an American ship was, with crew, officers and all, summed up by the public (without sufficient reason) in the one word, bad! They cannot be called so now. I have been among all classes as much as any one man, and I confidently assert that in the last two decades, a steady progression has been made, until to-day one will seldom find better men, on the whole, under the same circumstances, than can be found fore and aft in the American Mercantile Marine. One of the influences that has helped to bring this about is THE LOAN LIBRARIES OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.”

To have such witness as that, and to be able to say what has now been written, soberly and justly, out of the knowledge gained from our facilities for observation and judgment, is a great satisfaction in the abiding prosecution of our service for the Divine Master.

It only remains again to commend this special department of work for seamen, in our day, to the hearty esteem and regard of whosoever loves our Lord Jesus Christ, and would gladly see Him “have His own again” in the hearts of men, on land and sea alike. The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY fulfills its highest, holiest mission in no sphere of its operations, more effectively, than in its Loan Library Work for seamen.

H. H. MCF.

THE UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

From the *N. Y. Times* of 8th February we take the following graphic extracts from the official report of the Service, with such appropriate reflections as its correspondent, "Blue Anchor," is moved to make thereupon. It will be welcome intelligence to our readers that the first bill introduced into the Senate of the United States during its present session was one offered by Mr. CONGER of Michigan, January 20th, from a sub-committee of the Committee on Commerce, to whom had been referred the question of reorganizing the Service. The bill was framed by Mr. Conger, after consultation with Hon. S. I. KIMBALL, General Superintendent of the Service. It provides for an increase of the number of Life-Saving Stations by twenty-eight, and also for five or six more houses of refuge for shipwrecked passengers. It increases the salaries of Superintendents of stations according to the extent of their respective districts, and authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to fix the compensations of station-keepers at such rates as he may deem proper, up to a maximum salary of \$800 per year. The bill also provides that surfmen who are injured or disabled in the Service shall be continued on the pay-roll one year and not to exceed two years, with pensions of two years to the families of surfmen who lose their lives. The *Times'* correspondent, above referred to, writes:—

"Your issue of January 8th contained an interesting and suggestive article urging upon the public the needs and claims both of our Life-Saving Service and of a newly organized society, which, under the well-chosen name of the 'Woman's National Relief Association,' undertakes to give important and much-needed help in certain directions. While too much cannot be said in favor of the good work the ladies of this association are doing, I think there is room for a word or two more on behalf of our home-bred heroes of the Life-Saving Service, if these words may be allowed space in your columns. There is a certain volume issued by the Government Printing-office, in which stand recorded in very simple words the 'Operations'—not the achievements or the noble acts—of the United States Life-Saving Service, and from this I take a few facts at ran-

dom. The severest tempest on the Atlantic coast during the year 1880 was that of February 3rd, and on that date there were upon the New Jersey coast six wrecks within the scope of five Life-Saving Stations, only one of these being attended with loss of life.

*One Day's Work—Wreck of the
Stephen Harding.*

"The first and most noticeable of these in point of danger and hard work was the wreck of the *Stephen Harding*, run into in the gale by the schooner *Kate Newcombe* which sank with all on board. 'We sighted the schooner dead ahead,' says Capt. Harding. 'She came right out of the darkness, and stood on the top of a big wave almost over our heads. The next instant we came together. The next we separated, and then she was out of sight in the darkness,

leaving one of her men on our deck.' Here is a whole romance of peril and disaster in a single sentence. The starboard anchor of the *Stephen Harding* was carried away by the collision, hung by 15 fathoms of chain, dragging her to leeward, and finally sending her ashore. Here her lights were at first mistaken for the lantern of a patrol, the wind and whirling snow blinding and confusing Patrolman Rex, of Station No. 2, Fourth District, but the crew of that station were soon notified, and notwithstanding the fearful difficulty of hauling their heavy cart through drifts of snow more than knee deep and against a fierce wind, in an hour they had a line on board and the breeches buoy rigged. This coming and going empty several times, Surfman Wilson was sent out in it, and, with his help, all on board, including the Captain's wife, were brought ashore and sheltered at the station, where the crew gave up their own beds to them, and the north and south patrols immediately resumed their march through the storm.

The Castalia Lost.

"While this was going on the crew of Station No. 3 were hard at work a few miles away in rescuing the crew and passengers of the brig *Castalia*. In spite of the darkness—which was such that in rigging and working the breeches buoy the men could not see the apparatus but worked by feeling—the keeper laid a line on board at the first shot, and though the vessel rolled violently all the time, the crew of ten men and the one passenger (a woman) were landed and safe at the station in three hours and a half.

Saving the E. C. Babcock's Crew.

"About midnight of this same eventful night Capt. Valentine and

the crew of Station No. 4 were called out to the wreck of the *E. C. Babcock*, from which, with the same obstacles of sleet, snow, wind and darkness, they rescued, in the space of an hour and fifty minutes, the crew of four, the Captain, his wife, and two little girls.

Rescue of Sailors from the Augustina.

"Returning to the house, the men went to work to clean and prepare the apparatus for service, and they were still busy when, at 10 a. m., they were called out to the aid of the Spanish brig *Augustina*. Two attempts to get a line on board failed through the parting of the old line they were compelled to use, (the others being attached to the *E. C. Babcock*,) and finally one was got on board by the courage of Surfman White, who, following a receding wave, succeeded in casting the heaving-stick on board. The poor Spaniards, however, failing to notice or understand the instructions on the tally-board, undertook to come ashore hand over hand along the line through the fearful surf now full of the fragments of the *E. C. Babcock* and her cargo of cord-wood. Such a scene as ensued baffles description; one after another the five men, buffeted by the surf, entangled in the line, swept away from it by the masses of drift-wood, were brought to shore through the heroism of the surfmen, who rushed into the surf and tumbling wreckage at the risk of their lives over and over again, themselves knocked down, bruised, and half-drowned, but finally successful.

The Light Boat's Men Delivered.

"About 5 o'clock this same morning the crew of the schooner *Light Boat* were, with much difficulty, rescued by the crew of Station No.

5, Fourth District, the rolling of the vessel compelling the men to haul and slack on the lines to her motion, and her crew not understanding the directions and preventing the proper use of the breeches-buoy.

Loss of the George Tanlane—Five Men Saved.

“Finally, this memorable day is marked by the wreck of the *George Tanlane*, at which the crews of Stations Nos. 11 and 12, Fourth District, displayed heroism and perseverance unparalleled. The story of the storm, the fire on board, and the final drifting ashore of the fated vessel, is one to be read with bated breath. The share of the life-savers, in it, begins when the schooner, both anchors down, the wretched crew in the rigging, is dragging along the coast followed by the crew of No. 11, the heaving-sticks and lines in their hands, waiting their chance. As she slowly drifted down toward Station No. 12 they got out their mortar-cart and started to meet her, over sand-hills and through sluices waist deep, where the horses (borrowed) they had brought refused to pull. Between 9 and 10 o'clock they came abreast of the wreck. A shot was fired, but failed to lay the line within reach of the men, the vessel continued to drift and the crews to follow through the flood on the beach. Another sand-hill was reached, another shot fired and failed, cart reloaded, 400 yards more, with toil and difficulty, got over, and shot No. 3 fired, when the line parted. The wheels of the cart ‘sanded down’ so quickly that it had to be kept moving lest it should be lost; the sluices were full of drift-wood, bits of wreck, and cord-wood; the horses could not or would not pull; lines, guns,

and powder were to be kept dry, where everything was drenched. Yet, whenever the vessel touched or slowed for a moment another shot was fired or got ready for firing. Then she would move on once more, the brave men struggling on with her. Two men now dropped lifeless from the rigging of the schooner, and, worst of all, the gun toppled off its carriage into a sluiceway and was lost. Found again after much difficulty, the keeper carried it henceforth on his shoulder; two more shots were tried, the tide having now driven them further back from the beach, but the second one succeeded—a line was at last fastened to the schooner, and now the life-savers, line in hand, kept pace with the wreck till she grounded at last. The breeches buoy could at last be sent out, the crew on shore holding the end of the hawser to give and take with the rolling of the vessel, which was so violent that at one time the breeches buoy, with a man in it, swung fully 50 feet in the air, but at last, after six hours of exertion, the five men on board were safe.

What is the Surfmén's Pay?

“This, then, is the record of one day's work of the Life-Saving Service, and these deeds do not stand alone on the pages of their report, but are chosen at random from many such. And for such deeds as these,—for such lives of hardship, toil, and suffering,—for weary night-tramps, lantern in hand, through shifting sand and treacherous snow or along rocky shores,—for hours of unparalleled exertion and untold effort, sometimes fruitless, oftener crowned by glorious success,—for wet and cold, and hunger and frost-bite, and exhaustion and loneliness, uncom-

plainly endured day after day and all night long, to the end that no vessel, of whatever nationality, driven upon our storm-beaten coast, should go down unsuccored, unknown, with precious human lives and despairing souls on board,—for deeds which mark these men heroes in the best and noblest sense, what does this great and rich Nation bestow?

“We give them a cramped, narrow shelter, as they return,—wet, cold, and exhausted, and bringing with them the rescued in worse case than they,—to find the fire out and food and warm clothing to be provided; but we cannot afford to pay even an infirm old man as hut-keeper. They are summoned at midnight by the Coston light of the patrol, to go miles, sometimes,—to the succor of a vessel, and for weary distances these seven men drag their boat-truck through snow or sand, reaching the scene of the wreck already worn out with their exertions, because we cannot afford to provide them even one horse, instead of the sturdy pair which would take men, boat and all, to the scene of their duties, as firemen are drawn to a fire, at a pace which vies with, but cannot outstrip, the eagerness of these brave hearts to be at their glorious work of life-saving. These men leave families for months together to lead these toilsome lives, and we pay

them \$1 33 cents a day—less than they could earn at almost anything else. They live on coarse and simple fare, cooked turn and turn about by one of themselves, but out of this,—until the good work of the Woman's Relief Association began—they fed, and out of their scant change of clothes they clothed the poor creatures thrown naked and hungry on their mercy. Now, apart from the injustice of this, it is rather hard to ask men, women, and children in the last stages of exhaustion to eat the necessarily coarse fare their hardy rescuers enjoy.

Let Justice Be Done Them!

“All honor and support, therefore, to the good and noble women who have undertaken to provide for this need, but all blame to our tardy legislators who forget to provide for the other pressing needs of men whose heroism they must admire and appreciate. No human words can do these men justice; human sympathy, appreciation, and admiration unbounded should urge and insist that justice be done them, their every claim and need amply supplied now, without more delay than they would use in hastening to the rescue of their shipwrecked fellow-creatures. ‘For greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.’”

WINTER GALES AT SEA—IN PORT.

Rev. Dr. H. C. McCook, in a recent letter from “the other side,” to the *Presbyterian*, at Philadelphia, gives a graphic portraiture of experience on the voyage to Liverpool.

“Our voyage begun with weather as balmy as May. Thereafter we had comfortable sailing, with occasional squalls, but favorable wind and sea until Friday, December 2nd, when we were struck by a heavy gale which for four days has scarcely ceased to beat upon us.

Friday was stormy and the night wild, but on Saturday "no small tempest lay on us." I was anxious to see the storm to the best advantage, and as every opening to the saloon was closed, and the shutters fastened to the cabin windows, I obtained the captain's consent to go on the bridge. This is a platform, raised on iron rods and stretched across the vessel amidships. The roof of the captain's cabin forms the central part of the bridge, and this communicates with a little enclosure forward, in which stands a quartermaster, steering (by steam) the ship. He is thus directly under the eye of the officer on duty. There are four officers or mates besides the captain, two of whom are always on the bridge. The captain also spends most of his time there, and never leaves it in bad weather. On top of the steering-house is a binnacle and compass. The wings of the bridge are enclosed by canvass screens, which afford protection from the wind and weather. In one of these wings I stood for an entire morning, and thence saw one of the sublimest sights which human eyes can behold.

Frequent squalls of snow or hail or rain swept across the deep, which was churned into a boundless expanse of heaving billows. My ideas of waves,—or, as the sailors call them, "seas,"—were heretofore very circumscribed, I found. Our ship at times lay in a narrow ravine, while the white-crested waves rose on either side like hills. Then, again, the ship mounted the billow, and the eye glanced far across the sea, which seemed an immense valley broken by snow-covered hills and skirted by mountains in the distant horizon. I was reminded of my view of the Snowy Range of the Rocky Mountains as it appear-

ed on a trip from Pike's Peak to Leadville, from the eastern summit that commands the view of South Park. On one side the sun frequently broke forth from the clouds and lit up the waves, the sun-burst darting its beams over the edge of the nimbus and spreading out fan-shaped to the water. On the other side the driving-spray formed rain-bows which played over the billows, and at times stretched to the horizon. The ocean was a wild mountain landscape, only the mountains were in motion and forever changing.

At night I had another view from the bridge. The moon was out and nearly full; close to her was Jupiter, not far off was Saturn, and Mars was burning her red light just above the horizon. Clouds were drifting through the sky, and the seas were running quite as heavily as in the morning. It was a scene never to be forgotten,—that moonlight poured upon the rolling and roaring waves. I had somehow always associated this great rage of ocean with darkness and commotion of aerial elements; it was therefore a surprise and novelty to find such beauty in the sky and such fury of action in the sea. Indeed, I find that old Boreas can blow and crack his cheeks at the utmost vigor even when the sun is clear. The gale somewhat abated during the night, but frequent squalls beat over us during the next day. In one of these a perfect and very brilliant rainbow arched the sky. It was a noble and cheering sight,—the bow of Omnipotence, the covenant sign of divine grace, bending over this great and rocking deep.

The above was written during a brief cessation of the storm, when we believed the worst to have passed. But on Monday a gale blew

from the southeast which even exceeded in violence the preceding one. All afternoon and night, and until afternoon of next day, the dreadful commotion continued. The waves raised by the first gale swept in from the west; this gale drove the seas from the south. The result was that our ship was in the estate of St. Paul's when driven upon the island of Melita—it fell into “a place where two seas met.” Two of these seas chanced to meet upon our spar deck; they seized one of our huge boats as in a vice and crushed it as one would an eggshell. A second boat (iron) was stove in; a number of the heavy cabin sky-lights were broken to atoms. If the reader will think that a cubic foot of sea-water weighs sixty-four pounds he can form some conception of the force with which one of these immense seas—tons of weight—falls upon our deck, or beats upon us with the momentum of the wind behind it. The thud of a sea against the vessel's sides sounded like that of heavy artillery, and made our iron ship shiver.

Captain Dodge now executed a piece of seamanship which has only recently been attempted, and which few commanders have ventured. He stopped the engines and let the steamer “broach to,” that is, lie and wallow in the trough of the sea, with the wind abeam, or across her sides. Sailing ships frequently “heave to” in storms, that is, lie with the bow *to* the wind and so roll out the storm. The vessel then takes care of herself, her natural buoyancy causing her to roll or rock under the seas without shipping much water. But to “broach to” would be the height of nautical folly, and so two old sea captains in our “intermediate” asserted with much anxiety. Perhaps

with all the top-hamper of sailing craft the traditional idea is correct; but Captain Dodge knew the ship, knew the sea, and knew his business. It was magnificent to see how beautifully our vessel rode the billows! There we lay in the trough, while yonder rushed upon us a wave that towered above our level literally like some lofty cliff; our destruction seemed inevitable; but no! the billow has passed beneath us, and rises on the opposite side into a height that hides all the horizon.

Well, thank God, that experience is over! I do not regret it, and would not for a great deal part with it, but neither do I care to repeat it. For six hours we rolled in the horrible ravine of that raging sea before the waters were quiet enough for us to go on our course. About three o'clock in the morning we saw the light at Fastnet Rock, and could trace a shadowy lump upon the horizon that marked Cape Clear. Our signals were burnt at the bow, but a squall that beclouded Browhead prevented an answer. No difference, you think; yet it probably prevented the tidings of our safe arrival being telegraphed to Philadelphia for the Wednesday morning papers, and thus cost loved ones at home another half day of anxiety. The sea was now comparatively calm, and I turned in to obtain what I have not had for several days,—a few hours of sound sleep.

When I came on deck at eight this morning we were entering Queenstown Harbor. Hail Erin, land of St. Patrick, potatoes and potheen! Our voyage is over; that is, in a metaphorical and nautical sense; for although it took eighteen hours to make the Capes from Philadelphia, and we are at least twenty-four hours distant

from Liverpool, the mariners insist on reckoning the voyage from Cape Henlopen to Queenstown. Thus a twelve days' voyage is made a ten days' trip. However, we are all in too good a humor to-day to complain of such a trifling nautical allegory as that. In truth, we have had a favorable voyage, for the wind has been westerly most of the time, and so the seas followed us. Had we been heading them our trip would have long been retarded, and we must have suffered great loss. Withal the temperature has been comparatively mild.

The Liverpool pilot takes the ship at Queenstown, and he has brought news of shipping disasters everywhere in the gales through which we have passed. Calf Rock Light, just above, swept away, and the keepers left helpless on the bare rock; this ship arriving with all her boats gone; another with several men injured and some lost overboard; another stopping in the tempest to rescue a crew from a sinking steamer; several vessels overdue—thus the story runs on, and we thank the Good Hand who

holds winds and waves for the safe issue of our winter voyage.

I read during the gales, *Psalms civ. and cvii.*, and never felt more deeply the power and truth of those descriptions of the great and wide sea. I read also the shipwreck of St. Paul, *Acts xxvii* and had a keener sympathy with that great Apostle of Christ in those perils of the deep which he braved and bore for the Divine Master and his gospel. My mind has run, too, upon the extent to which the metaphors of the sea, its storms, its perils, its ports, have entered into Christian hymnology. The missionary, Henry Martyn, once upon a birthday, consoled himself over the rapidity with which the moments run, by the reflection:—

“They bear us swifter o’er
This life’s tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.”

Wesley’s dear familiar words came into memory, and we sang together,—a very small company,—as we looked out of our cabin-window at the raging billows:—

“Jesus! lover of my soul!”

THE HONEY OF THE WORD.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

“See, how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey.” So spake Jonathan the true-hearted son of a false-hearted father. Saul had pronounced a curse upon any of his army who should taste of food during their pursuit of the enemy. But when the troops reached a forest where the bees had laid up their abundant stores, several honey-combs were found lying on the the-earth. The prince-royal (not having heard of his father’s rash

edict) put forth the rod which was in his hand, and dipped it in a honey-comb and put it to his mouth; *and his eyes were enlightened.* Refreshment came to his hungry frame, and enlightenment to his eyes which were dim with faintness and fatigue.

What a beautiful parable this incident is to set forth one of the richest blessings of the Word of Life. The Psalmist extolled it as “sweeter than honey,” but he also exclaimed:—“The entrance of thy

word giveth light—yea, understanding to the simple.” It is not the mere reading of the word carelessly, or the hearing of it listlessly, but its entrance into the soul, which produces this illumination. Thousands of people listen to God’s truths every Sabbath, without any effect on the heart or the life. They do not take the truth into their souls, as Jonathan took the honey into his system. But when the word is partaken of, and the Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skilful oculist. His mother led him out of doors, and taking off the bandage, gave him his first view of sunshine and flowers. “O! mother,” he cried, “why did you not tell me it was so beautiful?” The tears started as she replied, “I tried to tell you, my dear, but you could not understand me.” So the spiritual sight must be opened, in order that the spiritual glories may be discerned. Many a poor sinner has never found out what a glorious gospel our Gospel is until he has swallowed the honey for himself.

Even as a mental discipline, there is no book like God’s Book. Nothing else so enlightens the intellect. No other study so strengthens the understanding and clarifies the perceptions, and enlarges the views, and purifies the taste and invigorates the judgment, and educates the whole man. The humblest day-laborer who saturates his mind with this school-book from heaven, becomes a superior man to his comrades. Not merely a purer man, but a clearer headed man. It was this honey from heaven which gave to the Puritans much of their sagacity, as well as all of their stubborn loy-

alty to the right. The secret of the superiority of the Scottish peasantry is found in that “big ha’ Bible” which is the daily study at every cottage ingleside. What an argument this is for keeping God’s own school-book for His children in every school of our land, high or humble. As the honey strewed the forest for Israel’s common soldiers to partake of, so the Lord has sent down his own word for the masses.

It is more than light; for it is an *enlightener*. Not only does it reveal the grandest and most elevating truths in the universe, but it improves the actual vision. It makes the blind to see, and the strong sighted stronger. Who of us that has been terribly perplexed about questions of right and wrong, and been sorely puzzled as to our duty, has not caught a new view and a true view as soon as we dipped our rod into the honeycomb of God’s word. A single text settled for me a vexed question of duty. Cowper found in the twenty-fifth verse of the third chapter of Romans the honey which brought light to his soul when overclouded with despair; John Wesley thrust his rod into this verse:—“The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath *made me free* from the law of sin and death.” Even Paul had not learned his own sin until the commandment against covetousness opened his eyes. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah so enlightened the eye of the Ethiopian treasurer that he discovered Jesus the Lamb of God!

Ah! there is many a reader of this article who can testify how the precious honey from heaven brought light and joy to their eyes when dimmed with grief. The exceeding great and precious

promises were not only sweet, they were illuminating. They lighted up the valley of the shadow of death. They showed how crosses can be turned into crowns, and how losses can brighten into glorious gains. When in a sick room I always dip my rod into the honey-comb of the fourteenth chapter of John. It brings Jesus there. One of my bravest Sunday-school teachers so fed on this honey that on her dying bed she said,—“My path through the valley is long; but ’tis bright all the way.”

Nothing opens the sinner’s eyes to see himself and to see the Savior of sinners like the simple word. The Bible is the Book to reveal iniquity in the secret parts. If the young man will dip his rod into this warning, “Look not on the wine when it is red,” he may discover that there is a nest of adders in the glass! If the scoffer can be induced to taste some of that honey which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he may find heaven and hell to be tremendous *realities*!

Brethren of the ministry, I do not know how you all may feel; but I am growing confident that our chief business is not only to eat hugely of this honey ourselves, but to tell our people where to dip their rods. We have got no new Gospel for them—no “advanced thought” beyond Moses, John and Paul. The honey lies thick on the ground. May the Divine Spirit help us to point it out to blind-dying men!—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Argument for the Sabbath.

Principal Dawson of Montreal, in a recent article in the *Sunday School Times*, says:—It may be affirmed that this doctrine of long creative days gives the only full and complete explanation of the institution and obligation of the

Sabbath. If God made the world in six natural days, and rested on the seventh, then his example would have no force, unless it could be shown that, in some sense, he continues to work on the six days, and rest on the seventh; but nature shows that this is not the fact, and our Lord’s expression, “My Father worketh hitherto,” agrees with this. Thus on the literal day theory, there would be a hidden fallacy implied in the reason annexed to the fourth commandment. But if God made the world in six long periods; if the seventh was not only this rest but that blessed Sabbatism in which innocent man was to enjoy perpetual happiness: if this Sabbatism was lost by the fall, and if the weekly Sabbath is a memorial of this rest lost by the fall and the hopeful sign that it is to be restored by the Savior, then we have a substantial reason for the Sabbath day, a warrant for its being placed where it is in the ten commandments, and for the great importance attached to it throughout the Old Testament. The Sabbath then becomes to us an emblem at once of the paradise lost by the fall, and of the paradise to be regained in Christ. Instead of appearing as a piece of ritual misplaced in the moral law, it becomes that which gives life and significance to the whole decalogue. We have here also the true explanation of the change from the Jewish Sabbath to the Lord’s Day; for if the one was the reminder of the Sabbatism lost by the fall and to be restored, the day of its restoration necessarily becomes the true Sabbath, and it needed no argument or explanation to show to the first Christians their duty in this matter. This consideration is also implied in the argument in *Hebrews iv.*

The Gain of Sunday Rest.

Of course, I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But I very much doubt whether, at the end of the year, he will generally have produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week; and I firmly believe that at the end of twenty years he will have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines,—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless,—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigor.—*Lord Macaulay.*

General View of Missions.

A general view of the varied fields of missions, throughout the world, was presented by Mr. Henry K. Carroll, in a recent lecture at Chautauqua. Mr. Carroll noted

a steady increase both in the number of societies and in the amount of their receipts, there being eighty-five societies now, against eighty ten years ago. Of the existing societies, thirty-five are in America, twenty-five in the British Empire, and twenty-five on the Continent. Over fifty societies have been organized within the past half-century. The aggregate revenue of all the societies is about \$7,000,000 annually, which sum varies little year by year. Of this sum a little more than half is raised by British societies, five of which raised over \$3,000,000 in 1879. The two Church of England societies,—the society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Church Missionary Society,—received \$1,900,000. The American societies receive about \$2,000,000 a year, and the Continental societies about \$1,000,000. In his estimates Mr. Carroll reckons foreign missionary societies only, not including home missionary, Bible and tract societies. The annual total of all missionary expenditures, at home and abroad, he thinks would not fall below \$15,000,000.

The Unsaved World.

By far the greater part of the world—as many as eight hundred millions, out of the twelve hundred millions of the world's population—is wholly uninfluenced by the Gospel. Say what you will about the *needs* of home, and the *claims* of home, the fact is undeniable, that there are comparatively few at home who have not the opportunity in some way of knowing as much about Christ as may suffice for their salvation; while three-fourths of the whole people of the world are as ignorant of Christ

and of the one way of life, as they were that day when the Lord declared his mind so commandingly to Paul, saying:—"Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."—*Rev. J. H. Wilson.*

Power of "The Old, Old Story."

Dr. Chamberlain, of the Arcot Mission, says that fourteen years ago, in a walled city of 18,000 inhabitants, the people had risen in a mob to drive him out. They told him that if he uttered another word he should be killed. They had torn up the paving-stones from the streets, and filled their arms with them. After a little parley he persuaded them to let him speak once more, and then they might do as they pleased. While they stood around ready to kill him, he began to tell the story of all stories, from the birth in Bethlehem to the death on the cross on Calvary, in such words as God gave him that day. By-and-by their tears began to fall, and they threw the stones away. Then they came forward and bought the Scriptures and Gospels, and paid the money for them, for they wanted to know more of that wonderful Savior of whom he had told them.

My Covenant.

I give myself to God, as my Father, to love and obey him.

I receive Jesus Christ for my Savior,—my best and everlasting Friend.

I yield my will to the Holy Spirit, to be led by his influence,—the still, small voice within.

I will study the word of God, that I may know my duty in all things; and will try to follow its teachings. I choose the friends

of Jesus as my friends and companions, and will meet with them as often as I can.

I will choose such recreations as I can enjoy purely and unselfishly; trying to give pleasure to others, as well as to get it for myself; and I will avoid those amusements that may be hurtful to myself or others.

I will try to do a little good every day.

And if I fall short of what I wish to be, and do wrong, I will not try to forget it, or leave off praying, but will go to my best Friend, and talk with him about it, and beg to be forgiven, and helped to begin again, and will try to live worthy of his kindness.

"How Do I Know?"

The best knowledge of God is that which we know ourselves, and which we know for ourselves, and which is revealed, not by books and papers, nor by flesh and blood, but by our Father which is in heaven. When we know *Him* who hath loved us and saved us, we know something which is more precious than all earthly knowledge, for in that knowledge stand our eternal life.

It is related that a conference committee once had before them a backwoods preacher, who knew little of books or theology, but who had a practical knowledge of Christ's salvation.

"Brother," began one of the wise examiners, "will you please name some of the evidences of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

The brother's face was puzzled. The examiner repeated his question.

"What makes you think Christ is divine?"

—"How do I know He's divine?—Why,—why bless you, *He saved my soul!*"—*The Christian.*

Sailor Missionary Labor in Iceland.

Persons familiar with the beginnings of Christian work by converted seamen who have gone from the United States to Europe in years past,—and by their personal and Apostolic labors in preaching Christ, have laid the foundations of Evangelical movements which have continued in quiet power through scores of years, and are now blessing its countries,—will be quick to recognize, in the intensely interesting letter which we print herewith, the promise, by God's blessing, of similar results in Iceland from the labors of its writer. And they will be moved to pray for that issue upon exertions which seem truly Pauline in their nature and spirit. Mr. JOHNSON is a common sailor, born in Iceland, but brought to Christ in this country two or three years ago, who has cherished for months the project which he has now begun to execute. We give him hearty God-speed. His letter is addressed to a Christian friend in this city.

"ICEFORD, Iceland, Oct. 10th, 1881.

"My Dear Brother in Christ Jesus:—
 'Grace, mercy and peace from God, our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord be unto you! I thank God who has called us from the darkness into his marvelous light, and made us heirs of his everlasting Kingdom. As you know, I left New York in a steamer for Liverpool. I had a short and pleasant passage, and a good time in Liverpool among the brethren. I stayed there four days. Then I got aboard a Danish schooner bound to Iceford, Iceland.

Place of Labor Reached.

"We had a quick and pleasant passage. I can tell you it made me very glad to hear from one of the fishermen, there, that there was an Icclander who had been in the United States for some time, and had received the truth as it is in Jesus, and had already commenced telling the people of their danger if they did not turn unto God and seek forgiveness through the merits of Jesus' blood.

"I went on shore, and found him out; and he told me *it was in Boston, Mass., that he received his sight, in Father Taylor's church, Rev. GEORGE NOYES being pastor*, about nine years ago. Now he is married and lives here. He has changed his trade of sailor for that of a fisherman, and is trying to stir up the people to keep awake to the duties of a Christian life.

"I told him what I came for, and he told me the Icelanders were a curious people,—that I ought to be both careful and bold in speaking to them. Two weeks passed, and I had no opportunity to speak, for I was working aboard the vessel, and the weather being rough, we laid far off from shore.

Sunday Work Begun.

"The latter week I arranged with him to hire a house for the Sunday then coming, so I could speak to the people. Sunday morning I went on shore with some Danish tracts in my Bible, and to this brother's house. After having said prayer, we started at 10 o'clock. When we came to the house, some people were there already. We had some hymn books, but for a while we could not get any one to start singing. At last a lady commenced and the others joined in with us. After the hymn we had prayer, and I read the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, then spoke from it, and told the people what the Lord had done for me. Some seemed to be interested. This other brother also spoke a few words, giving testimony to the truth. Then we had prayer, hymns were sung, and I distributed tracts, which were gladly received. We had not enough for them all, there being about one hundred and twenty present. Then we departed. I went home with this brother and had dinner.

A Second Service.

"After dinner we had prayer, and asked the Lord to manifest his power and send us his Spirit that some precious souls might be converted. We started at four in the afternoon, but no one was then present. My brother said, 'I think there will be but few this afternoon.' I thought to myself, 'I will trust in the Lord. It is his work.' Then when a few had come I asked if the people would start singing. All refused, and we waited for awhile without avail. So I commenced reading the First Epistle of John, the third chapter, and after having read it through, we had a season of prayer. When I had prayed I felt the Spirit's power in me, and

I spoke upon the same chapter. In a short time the house was full so that the greater part had to stand, there being but a few wooden benches in the house. I spoke for an hour, and told my experience over again, because many were present who had not heard me in the forenoon.

"After I had finished all which the Spirit of the Lord had moved me to say at that time, the brother arose and testified powerfully for Christ's power to save. When he had ended I asked if any of the people had a testimony to make for the glory of God, but got no answer.

Call to Jesus—Invitation Accepted.

"I invited them to come to Jesus, and I had not long to wait before one man came rushing to me and took me by the hand and said, 'I will, by the grace of God, start with you in the way to Heaven.' I told him and all the people that Jesus was the way, the truth and life—there was no access unto God but through him, and I asked if there were any more that wanted to start along with that man to Christ. No one seemed willing. Then we knelt down and had prayers. Afterwards we spoke to this man and told him to trust in Jesus, and watch and pray. He promised to do so. We departed from the house and went home hoping and praying that the Lord would follow the people with his Spirit that would convince them of sin, and bring them to the cross of Christ, by faith in His blood, which cleanses from all sin. The house cost me ten Danish crowns (about two dollars and seventy-five cents, American money), for the day.

The Second Sabbath.

"The following week I worked aboard the schooner until Friday night, then went on shore, and on Saturday morning hired the same house again. I had prayed the Lord that the man who let the house would hire it at less cost, because I have but little money, and had long and bad roads to travel before I reached home. When I came and asked him for the loan of it, he said I should have it for six crowns. Sunday morning we commenced our meeting at ten o'clock. I had got a man to start singing. As before, after the singing we had prayer; then I read in the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. I took for my text *1 Timothy i: 15*. When I had spoken, my brother delivered a sermon which he had written some time before. After this we had prayers and sang hymns and departed.

"In the afternoon when we had asked prayers, we started for the meeting house,

and after singing a hymn and offering up a prayer, I read the tenth chapter of Hebrews.

Adversaries Appear—Good Results.

"Some one commenced playing with a music box to make disturbance; another took a cat and threw him in among us. Here are no policemen. I would not give up reading to speak to them, but kept on reading and spoke about the same chapter. A good many were interested. After I had given an invitation, one man held up his hand and declared he would, by the grace of God, start for a new life. I asked if there were not others, but no one manifested such desire. We had a season of prayer, and sang a hymn and departed, there being above two hundred people present. We went home rejoicing in the Lord and thankful for his help and blessings, and prayed that he would save the people. I believe many were convinced of the truth.

The Outlook.

"When I look over this place it seems to me that the people are sheep without a shepherd, because here is no pastor. The one that was here before, was not a converted man, and he gave evidence of it, for last Spring he attempted to cut his throat but was prevented. Besides this he has been addicted to strong drink during his time. That, however, is overlooked by people here, as all the priests in Iceland are more or less in the same predicament. Two things are greatly needed here, tracts in the Icelandic language, and missionaries fervent in spirit and mighty in the Scriptures, faithful servants of the Lord Jesus.

America Must Help.

"They must come from America. In the United States are more than enough. I hope some will volunteer and come out here, and win laurels and crowns. The people are actually dying from want of spiritual food. May it please God to send some up here in the Spring!

Personal Intentions.

"I am going to do what is in my power to promote the glory of God, and point sinners to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. I am thinking to start to-morrow in a boat across this bay, and after that I hope to travel overland (mountains), a long and tedious way. If I reach my relations, I intend to stay there a little while, and tell them what the Lord has done for my soul.

Then if the Lord permits I mean to go to Ægafjörð (the third largest place in Iceland), and speak to them about the love of Jesus, and of his power to save. After being there awhile I will go Reykjavik (the capital), thence go fishing, and at the same time do all I can for the Lord. He is my Strength and Helper, and the Rock of my Salvation. Pray for us! L. J."

Decline of American Shipping.

A late number of the *American Ship*, reporting from a monthly meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, says that a committee reported to the Chamber in reference to this subject:—

"The following statistics show at a glance the deplorable condition of our merchant marine:—

United States tonnage engaged in foreign carrying trade.	United States foreign and domestic exports.
Tons.	Dollars.
1860.....2,379,396	1860.....400,122,296
1870.....1,448,846	1870.....529,519,302
1880.....1,314,402	1880.....852,781,577

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

The proportion carried in American vessels:

	Per cent.		Per cent.
1825.....	92 3-10	1860.....	60 5-10
1830.....	89 3-10	1870.....	35 6-10
1840.....	82 9-10	1880.....	17 4-10
1850.....	72 5-10		

It is estimated at this time that it is not more than 15 per cent.

It is also estimated that we pay into the hands of the foreign shipowners as freight money (this includes passenger money) \$100,000,000 to \$125,000,000 annually, and it must be borne in mind that this great sum is realized on our own productions shipped from this country in vessels belonging to other nations."

The World's "Sailor Homes."

We take from the last printed report of the San Francisco, Cal., Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, the following list of seaport towns in which Sailors' Homes are established:—

In the United States.

Boston, Mass.; Charleston, S. C.; Galveston, Texas; Mobile, Ala.; New Bedford, Mass.; New York, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Portland, Me.; Portsmouth, N. H.; San Francisco, Cal.; Wilmington, N. C.

A Sailors' Home is also being built at Portland, Or.

In England and Wales.

Bristol, Cardiff, Devonport, Dover, Falmouth, Gloucester, Gravesend, Great Yarmouth, Holyhead, Hull, Liverpool, London,—Well St. and Dock St., Lowestoft, Milford, North Shields, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Ramsgate, Southampton, Sunderland, Swansea.

In Scotland.

Glasgow, Greenock, Leith, Stornoway.

In Ireland.

Belfast, Cork, Dublin, Queenstown.

In the British Colonies.

Bombay, Calcutta, Halifax, N. S., Hong Kong, Madras, Melbourne, Shanghai, Sydney, St. John, N. B., St. John's, Newfoundland, Victoria, Vancouver's Island.

In other Ports.

Amsterdam, Callao, Hamburg, Havre, Honolulu, Marseilles, Rotterdam, Yokohama.

"Heaven Means Jesus."

"Heaven for me means Jesus,
And when I rejoice in His smile
The journey of earth then finished
Will seem such a 'little while.'

For I know that with Him one moment
Not only wipes out the years,
But outweigheth all the pleasures
Of creation's multiplied spheres.

Home is the place where the heart is,
So Heaven is already home;
And I am only just waiting
Till my Savior shall bid me 'come.'

My prayer while I am waiting,
Is,—'Make me ready and meet;
And let me win many jewels,
To lay at Thy precious feet!'"

Mrs. V. A. Lewis.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Labrador Coast, N. A.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

Since the issue of our last MAGAZINE, the full report of labor for the year 1881, made by Mr. A. W. GERRIE, missionary, has come to hand. As the statement of one new to the field, it is of such interest that we would gladly publish it in full,—but we can only condense it, because of a lack of space.

Noting a special feature of interest and impressiveness at the Harbor, arising from the peculiarly shifting habits of his marine hearers, he announces five Sabbath services regularly held, as follows:—Preaching at 10½ a. m., two Young Peoples' meetings at 2 p. m.,—one for girls conducted by Miss WARINER, and one for young men, led by Mr. G.,—Sunday school at 3 p. m., and at 6½ p. m., a prayer meeting. "For the morning and evening services," he writes,—“the Beth-el Flag was hoisted at the headland where it could be seen from the harbor and adjacent islands. This was the signal for all to gather to worship.”—During the summer season the people at the different settlements were visited, though not as frequently as was desirable, owing to the want of a good boat. Five such settlements are named, all within a *radius* of six miles from B. E. Harbor,—Old Fort Island, Stick Pt., Salmon Bay, Little Fishery and Esquimaux River. At all these points are members and adherents of the church at B. E.

Faithful distribution was made, on Saturdays, of religious reading matter, to sailors on the vessels in harbor. "This was always thankfully received; even Catholics, although refusing to come to service, readily took the little bundles of papers, sometimes saying that they always found good instruction in them. It was interesting to find that the papers of the preceding week had been read and carefully put away to be taken to the 'little folk at home.'"

He speaks of the new church at the Harbor as comfortably fitted for from 180 to 200 persons. The Mission House is quite convenient, but that at "the river," is old and out of repair. Mr. G. was im-

pressed by his summer's experience that the two most important parts of the work, there, are that done in the summer, among sailors,—and by the winter school. Speaking of especial difficulties in the way of the highest success at the station, the report closes with warm eulogy upon the good work of Rev. S. R. BUTLER, chaplain at the Harbor for many years, whose faithful efforts, it is declared, are even now fruitful, in the hearts of the people.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

During most of October, November and December, '81, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT preached in H. three times per week, in a hall lately rented, near the harbor. Every Monday evening a temperance meeting was held, with good results. He also labored at Hoganas, Wasby, Engelholm, and Wiken. At the latter place, especially, many sailors and fishermen attended services, and listened with devout attention to God's word. Other and kindred labor was performed by Mr. W. at Rää, Astorp, Hesselholm and Christianstadt.

GEFLE.

Mr. ERICSSON's report for the closing quarter of last year speaks of the people (fishermen and seamen) as hungry for the word of life. "I have not been able to visit all the houses and places where I have been invited to preach." Nothing has availed to prevent attendance at the meetings, and he writes that "some souls have received peace by believing on the Lamb of God."

WISBY AND BUTTLE.

Mr. JOHN LINDELIUS, now in his 79th year, pursues, as his strength will allow, his "touring" through the island of Gothland, and speaks of kind reception in his religious work by captains with whom he meets.

Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

We print from the records received from Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, and referred to in our February MAGAZINE, as below:—

A Clear Case.

"I found a sailor that had been in our meeting in the Hall. He said to me:—'I will tell you what the Almighty God has done for me. I thought I was good and that I had done nothing very wrong, but when I came among God's children in your Hall, I found I was the greatest sinner on earth. The question you asked me,—'How is it with your soul?' aroused me. I was struck by the words spoken and the prayers of God's people. I made up my mind to seek the Lord. I went to your meeting and began to pray. To-day, oh what joy! I am saved by faith through our blessed Savior who died on the cross for my sins. I am now one of his children! Glory be to God! My beloved brother, I feel very happy and I thank you very much for the Bible you gave me. It is a great treasure; I will try by the help of God to follow its teachings. Pray for me!'

Sins Confessed and Blotted Out.

"The other day I had prayer at noon-time in the fore-castle of a ship. When I had prayed I saw a sailor struggle with darkness, and look gloomy. His piteous cries echoed in the depths of my soul. I urged him to pray,—but, said he,—'it is of no use, it is too late now,—I am lost. Still I want to tell you what a sinner I have been. I have concealed my sins until they have become a consuming fire in my heart. I feel relief in telling what I have for years been trying to hide.' He then detailed his crimes, and told how he had deceived his parents, resisted the entreaties of his pious aunt, and grieved away the Spirit of God.

"My dear friend,' I said,—'what a great pity it is that you have spent your youth in this miserable business of sinning against God! What have you to show for it? But let us see what God says about it. *'As I live,' saith the Lord God, 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?'* You have willfully departed from God, and there must be an unreserved submission of your will to Him; an entire acquiescence on your part in His plan of saving

you. Do you now hate your sins?' 'Yes, and I hate myself for having sinned,' he replied with great emotion. 'Are you willing to renounce them,—all sins of the life and sins of the heart,—to give them all up forever?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I am more than willing.' 'Thank the Lord!' I added,—'He is now working in you to will and to do His good pleasure. His pleasure is to have you turn and live. Do you now give up all your sins?' 'I am trying. If I know my heart I do,' 'Do you now consecrate your soul and body to God, living or dying to be the Lord's without reserve?' 'I do, I give Him all.' 'You are then ready to receive Jesus Christ as your Savior, now. His blood atones for every sin you have committed.'

"He went to God in prayer, and God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all his sins, so that he went, a happy man, to sea."

Denmark.

ODENSE.

In 1881, Rev. F. L. RYMKER traveled 332 Swedish miles, and made 2,338 visits, 913 of them on shipboard. He also sold 74 Bibles and distributed 64,000 pp. of tracts, etc. Mr. and Mrs. ROGERS, who were at O. for six months, supplied the shipping with Bible-Bags, and their exertions incited the people to continue the work after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. R. Efforts are now being made to raise funds for renting a Sailors' Home.

Italy.

GENOA.

Rev. DONALD MILLER, chaplain, writes, January 14th, as follows:—

The New Bethel Ship.

"Your readers will be glad to know that the new Floating Bethel for this Mission was launched 24th December, 1881, and inaugurated January 1st, 1882. A year ago the Sunday School children of the Free Church of Scotland gave their annual New Years' Offering towards the building of this Seamen's Chapel. Their pennies made up a sum equal to \$3,625, to which was added a further sum of \$7,500, received in subscriptions. The contract price of the vessel was fixed at

\$9,000, to which another \$1000 must be added for new anchors and chains, and several fittings not included in the builder's estimate. So that there is not only no debt on the chapel, but a small surplus fund for future wants. Designed by an English naval architect, but built in the neighborhood of Genoa, the *Caledonia* is a novelty among floating Bethels.

The Bethel Described.

"Let the reader picture to himself a rectangular house of iron, 68 feet long by 20 wide and 13 high, floating on the water with a draft of 2 feet 3 inches. At about 2 feet above water mark, a 3 feet walk, supported on iron brackets, runs along either side, and connects two deck spaces at the extremities of the house, on which are fitted the bollards, winches, davits, etc. The principal entrance is by the bow. Stepping upon the fore deck, you descend two or three steps to the floor of the house. On the left is the ship-keeper's bedroom; on the right, his workroom, with store room below the deck, for awnings, etc. Next to these comes the sailor's reading-room, the full width of the house, large enough to seat comfortably thirty or forty men. A partition of folding doors divides this from the large hall for the meetings, which has ample accommodation for one hundred men, and when occasion requires, the two can be thrown into one. Aft the hall, are two other rooms, one for the missionary, and the other for the colporteur, each having its bookcase and other conveniences. There is a separate entrance to these rooms from the after deck, and two side doors lead directly into the hall.

Its Interior.

"The interior is of plain varnished pitch pine, and between this wooden lining and the iron plates, there is an inch and a quarter packing of asbestos, which, it is hoped, will effectually prevent all radiation of heat into the interior, and secure a comparatively comfortable temperature inside, even in midsummer.

The Dedication.

"New Years' day was, unfortunately, very wet, and although my congregation was invited to meet the sailors at the dedication service, the attendance was not above fifty. The evening was fine, and upwards of sixty sailors mustered to the service. I took for my text in the morning, *Ps. lxxvii, 1, 2*, and spoke of the two great characteristics of a true church—the *evangelical*, and the *evangelistic*, and

endeavored to show their mutual dependence. The sermon is to appear in the B. and F. Sailors' Magazine, *Chart and Compass*, the editor of which was present and conducted the evening service, preaching a most interesting sermon from *Jonah iii, 5*. On the following Sunday our missionary, Mr. JONES, held his first service in the new chapel, when a large number of sailors gathered under the Bethel, American, and British flags.

Coöperation of American Seamen.

"I must here acknowledge two collections received from the U. S. S. *Wyoming* and *Nipsic*, the officers and crews of which showed much sympathy with mission work. And I cannot refrain from making special allusion to the work carried on by Lieut. WADHAMS on board the latter named ship. His evangelistic and temperance meetings are well attended, and seem to be bearing good fruit. Happy ought the ship's company to be who have such an officer among them. The sudden and unexpected death of his dear little girl, a few days after the *Nipsic* left Genoa, was a sore trial to brother Wadhams, and earnest prayer has been offered here that this affliction may be blessed, not only to himself and his family, but to the whole ship's company. Before this new Bethel was built we were always glad to think that Mr. Jones and myself were always sure of a hearty welcome on board U. S. war-ships, and could count on the commanders granting us liberty to hold meetings on board. Now we hope to welcome the Blue Jackets to the commodious and comfortable Bethel.

Request for Prayers.

"Let the readers of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE pray that this Genoa Harbor Mission may be more and more blessed, and made a more efficient means than it has ever been, of extending the kingdom of Christ!

—
NAPLES.

Rev. THOMAS MURRAY, successor of Rev. J. G. GRAY, manifests the same interest taken by Rev. Mr. G. before his transfer to Rome, in work for seamen. Mr. S. BURROWES, missionary, reports for October, November and December, '81:—

Summary—Services Appreciated.

"Ships visited, 640; tracts and papers distributed, 2,450; meetings and services in Bethel, 45. The blessing given by God's grace to the fleet of sailing vessels

from Newfoundland was far beyond the three previous winters. Almost every captain has been influenced for good. Several testified by letters and otherwise what God did for them at the services, and it is becoming quite a proverb,—to visit Naples in order to have the privilege of the Bethel services. Captain ——— writes from Palermo, last week, that he feels lonely in leaving a place where he and others received so much blessing, and that he knew of no other port where sailors received so much sympathy.

Conversions—Gratitude Therefor.

“The Anchor Line ships have also given a similar testimony. Lately, the chief officer of the ——— told of the conversion of several officers in those ships which took place in the Bethel; one was converted eighteen months previous. Almost every service in the Bethel is bearing fruit. This blessing, like a goodly stream, has flowed on for some two months. Last Sunday morning, a Christian sailor from a yacht, brought a shipmate, and he was converted during the preaching. I had decided to speak from *Ps. xlvii*, but something directed me when about to open the service to speak from *Matt. xviii, 1*,—and on ‘Conversion.’ God’s favor is given in answer to a number of Christians who have formed themselves into a prayer concert, and Naples Harbor Mission and the workers are constantly remembered.

Christmas Festival.

“On the 27th December, the Christmas tea-meeting was held on board the Bethel. About two hundred were present, including English, Americans, Germans, French, Italians. The English Consul presided, and testified to the good done through the Mission. Others also gave similar testimony. The Rev. E. W. MATTHEWS of the British and Foreign Sailors’ Society, from London, spoke very hopefully, of work among sailors. The Church of England, Presbyterian clergymen, and Rev. Mr. Fletcher, addressed the meeting. One speaker stated that four years ago there were atheists and infidels coming in British ships to the port, but now not one professed infidel was known to come in any vessel.

Good Influence of a Young Christian Sailor.

“A young sailor of Jersey, who was converted last winter, returned, and seemed progressing in the divine life. The whole crew were religious, showing how his influence was felt. Without the least hint, they contributed five francs each to the Mission. This good news could be greatly extended, but enough is given to show that the God of the harvest is giving a precious reaping time.”

At Stations In the United States.

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.

The following is the letter of Consul HEIDE, referred to in our last MAGAZINE, in full, and we bespeak for it attentive perusal.

“Being a tolerably close observer of the practical workings of the Rev. J. W. CRAIG, the seamen’s chaplain at this port, I feel it my duty to give you some details that may be of interest, and,—

“1st in importance is the consideration of the religious and moral influence exerted by the chaplain, as he visits each vessel on its arrival, and the distribution of well selected, non-sectarian tracts among them,—holding, at the same time, friendly and fraternal intercourse with them,—in that way and language best known to, and appreciated by them. The chaplain, having once been a sailor, is thereby ena-

bled to enlist their sympathies, and do them good.

“2nd. The religious feature of his work commends him to favorable regard, and paves the way for their enjoyment of Sabbath privileges and blessings. The chaplain meets an important demand in this particular, by directing them to the church of their choice, oftentimes accompanying them;—also the holding of religious services in the Seamen’s Chapel, which is convenient to the vessels, and easy of access, furnishes the means of grace to them, without expense, and at the same time throws around them the arm of protection against the insidious approaches of those “land sharks” that so often lurk and hang about the unsuspecting sailor.

“3rd. The distribution of the tracts is another effectual means of counteracting baneful influences. There is evidence that the good seed thus sown has produced fruit in the reformation and comfort of some.

“In conclusion I am constrained to say

that it is my conviction that the work the chaplain is doing at this port, in behalf of the sailor, is beyond our conception, so far as it tends to restrain vicious indulgence and diminish crime, and save, many a time, them that might otherwise be led astray, if not to ruin and death. Feeling and caring for them as a class, and being deeply concerned for their welfare, especially when in port, I have been constrained to address you and to express my increased appreciation of this interesting work, and also to commend it to your good judgment and kind approval.

Your obedient servant,

R. E. HEIDE,

Consul of Sweden, Denmark and Norway."

Cleveland, O.

Chaplain J. D. JONES sends us the third annual report of the Floating Bethel, dated January 1st, 1882. The aggregate attendance during 1881, was 3,500,—average number of seamen and others present at every Sunday service, 44; at every week night service, 29. Nine hundred and seventy-three persons requested prayers,—179 signed the temperance pledge. "We do not know," says the report, "how many have been converted. Some whom we hoped were, have run well for a time; others have fallen by the way, but like Peter are again running the Christian race. Some have been steadfast, and by life and testimonies are bearing fruits of godliness, four of whom are now with us, and others have taken the wings of the wind and gone to the uttermost parts of the earth." The Reading-Room has been well patronized. The City Hospital was faithfully visited, and in every direction it would seem that vigorous work has been carried on, at an expense of about \$2,700.

Mariners' Family Asylum.

We take pleasure in giving place to the following "Special Appeal" in behalf of an Institution which we know to be well managed and doing a most needed charity. The writer, Mr. ELWELL, is one of our most prominent shipping merchants, and for many years has been a Trustee of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

A Special Appeal for the Mariners' Family Asylum, located on Staten Island, N. Y.

In this appeal I desire to call your attention to this Institution, and to its claims on a generous public for aid to carry on its work, and also to ask your sympathy in its behalf; and that you may be better acquainted with the work done, and with its merits, I will briefly state a few facts for your consideration.

The Institution is located on Staten Island, and furnishes a home for aged wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of seamen. It has been in operation for more than a quarter of a century, and is managed by a Board of some forty efficient lady managers, representing all denominations. It is non-sectarian, and is managed with the most rigid economy, as the following facts will show:—

The whole expenses of the Institution for the year ending May 31st, 1880, for 39 inmates, were \$3,488.78, or \$89.45 for each inmate; and for the year ending May 31st, 1881, for 42 inmates, \$3,881.26, or \$92.41 for each inmate. This includes the cost of repairs and insurance, amounting to \$375.99, without which latter expenses the cost of maintaining each inmate would be reduced to \$81.50.

To give you an idea who the inmates of this Home are, I will state the ages of five who have died there within the two past years. One (the last of three sisters who made this their home, and of whom one was blind and one quite deaf) was a hundred years old at the time of her death; the other four were respectively eighty-five, seventy-three, seventy-two and sixty-five years old.

Following is an extract from the last Annual Report of the Managers:—"The Managers regret very much that they cannot receive all who apply for admission, for the lack of means to support them, but they have deemed it best not to increase the number and expenses of the household at the risk of shortening the stay of those already in the Institution; and they earnestly pray that this significant expression may find its way to the hearts of those who have home and friends, so that they may be able to furnish a home for those who have neither."

And in behalf of these ladies, and as one of the Board of Counsel of this Institution, I present to you in this appeal the merits of this charity, and ask your generous and liberal contributions, as also your prayers, that these self-denying Man-

agers shall not stretch forth their hands in vain for help for the widow and the fatherless.

Contributions of money, groceries, provisions or other articles, may be sent to any one of the Managers, or to the undersigned at his place of business, 57 South Street, New York.

Very respectfully,
JAMES W. ELWELL.

Obituary.

WILLIAM BALLARD.

WILLIAM BALLARD was born in Boston, August 12th, 1797, and died at his residence, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 3rd, 1882, in the 85th year of his age. He was a shipbuilder by trade, and long before the day of rail-roads walked to one of the great western rivers to help build a steamboat to ply upon those waters. He possessed remarkable ingenuity, and great energy and perseverance. Mr. Ballard came to New York when he was about thirty years old, and while engaged in the copper punching business, made important improvements in the jack screw, used for stowing cotton and tobacco in vessels. He was an extensive manufacturer of that implement in Eldridge Street, New York, when we first made his acquaintance nearly half a century ago.

Mr. Ballard's benevolence was large hearted and generous. He became a Life Member of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in June, 1847, and was thus connected with Home and Foreign Missions and the American Institute. He published little leaflets on different subjects well calculated to awaken interest in moral and religious subjects, and on Sundays would stand on the street corners and distribute them with other tracts. He never used tobacco in any form; attended no parties, balls, or theatres, and never rode in a street car on Sunday. He was the inventor of models used for strengthening men of war.

Our friend was a useful worker in the New York Marine Bible Society, and in the report of 1835 his name appears as a

member of the Board, consisting of thirty-five, only one of whom, the writer, now survives. His continued interest in the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was seen in a pleasant call on us a short time since, when he left a liberal donation. His last illness was brief, and his end peaceful. He wished to go home to the dear ones who were beckoning him to come to them in the land of blessedness. He died in the faith and hope of a glorious immortality through the Savior.

L. P. H.

Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Chaplain JONES reports that the deaths in 1881 were proportionately less than in former years. He says:—"Our yearly average of deaths is ten *per centum*, and we have, now, nearly 800 inmates on our roll. Of the 59 whose names are here reported, 43 were professed Protestants, 13 Catholics, and three who professed neither religion, but despised both. Of the whole number, 22 died in the hope of a 'better inheritance,' of whom 8 were converted under my own ministry. As to their nativity, 36 were Americans, 6 Irish, 5 English, and 4 Swedish. Two were born in Denmark, 2 in Nova Scotia, 1 in Scotland, 1 in Canada, 1 in the Western Islands, and one at sea. The average age of each at death was 60 years, 4 months, and 2 days. Four of the number were between 80 and 90, 12 between 70 and 80, 18 between 60 and 70, 14 between 50 and 60, 6 between 40 and 50, 4 between 30 and 40, and under 30 only one."

January 2nd, Thos. C. Bromwell, 78 years, England; Jan. 4th, John M. Belden, 72, New York City; Jan. 11th, David Taylor, 54, Scotland; Jan. 14th, Wm. C. Martin, 55, New Jersey; Jan. 17th, Samuel Kellog, 65, Virginia; Feb. 10th, John W. Hazel, 80, Ireland; Feb. 27th, Isaac Crowell, 60, Massachusetts; March 15th, John P. Johnson, 49, Sweden; March 20th, Thos. Ryan, 27, Ireland; March 25th, Jesse Ingraham, 67, Virginia; March 30th, Levi C. Roff, 48, Maine; April 3rd, Nicholas E. R. Snyder, 85, Virginia; April 10th, Wm. H. Malcher, 70, New York; April 13th, Julius Nelson, 62, Denmark; April 23rd, Alex. Norman, 67, Sweden; April

28th, Thos. Doon, 61, Ireland; May 6th, Joseph Shayes, 74, Western Islands; May 7th, John Fleming, 54, England; May 9th, John Smith, 61, Pennsylvania; May 9th, Archer Briggs, 59, Rhode Island; May 15th, Peter Mead, 37, England; May 17th, David L. Bunnell, 77, Connecticut; May 24th, John Carroll, 47, Vermont; May 24th, Joseph Fritz, 52, Massachusetts; May 25th, Hanford Nicholls, 53, Connecticut; May 30th, Henry Lee, 65, New Hampshire; May 30th, Oscar Stone, 65, New York; May 30th, Wm. Lynch, 57, Denmark; June 6th, H. B. Smith, 39, Maine; June 7th, Richard Chandler, 70, England; June 8th, Richard Rosseau, 32, Kentucky; June 12th, Edw'd T. Wales, 46, Maine; June 27th, John Patterson, 63, Maine; June 29th, John Leavens, 69, Ireland; July 6th, Wm. Hall, 79, Maine; July 13th, Henry C. Williams, 53, England; July 15th, Joshua A. Spedden, 63, Maryland; July 16th, John Carr, 60, New York City; July 18th, Henry Brown, 70, Pennsylvania; July 24th, Scott M. Oliver, 39, Maine; July 30th, P. R. Stanhope, 76, Rhode Island; Aug. 6th, Patrick Mogan, 61, Ireland; Aug. 8th, Wm. W. Cox, 43, Maine; Aug. 20th, Wm. Evans, 57, New York; Sept. 6th, John White, 51, New York City; Sept. 8th, John Devine, 44, Pennsylvania; Sept. 13th, Wm. Blake, (colored), 59, New York; Sept. 16th, Jas. Minard, 79, Nova Scotia; Sept. 21st, Jas. Donnelly, 66, Ireland; Oct. 7th, David N. Harris, 80, New Hampshire; Oct. 11th, Michael Kennedy, 62, Nova Scotia; Oct. 13th, Oliver P. Brown, 88, at sea; Oct. 31st, Wm. S. Vido, 55, Canada, Nov. 6th, Wm. S. Hall, 63, Maine; Nov. 19th, Francis Swanton, 51, Maine; Nov. 19th, Samuel Loomis, 62, New Hampshire; Nov. 26th, Wm. F. Hallock, 71, New York; Nov. 27th, O. Borgstrand, 79, Sweden; Dec. 20th, John Miller, 57, Sweden.

Books, Etc.

OUR LITTLE ONES, AND THE NURSERY. Russell Publishing Co., 149 A Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

We cannot praise this monthly Magazine for little children, too highly. In a year and a half it has made a clear field for itself, by the unequalled excellence of its illustrations, and its letter-press, as well. The incorporation of "The Nursery" with "Our Little Ones" easily placed the combination at the head of publications of its class,—indeed it has, to our knowledge, no competitor.

Several stories will be contributed to the *Youth's Companion* during the present year, by W. D. Howells, William

Black, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and J. T. Trowbridge. No other publication for the family furnishes so much entertainment and instruction of a superior order for so low a price.

Our friend, Rev. Dr. CUYLER, of Brooklyn, is fairly entitled to the insertion of his note of Feb. 1st, as follows:—

"In your February SAILORS' MAGAZINE is the 'Story of a Hymn,' which claims to be from a biography in the *Standard of the Cross*,—but it is *verbatim* from my book,—*Thought Hives*. My children are getting too numerous for me to watch, and some get kidnapped. My *Heber and his Hymn* has gone the rounds in the papers before.

Yours as ever,
T. L. C."

So fine a child as that of which the Dr. speaks, is surely worth looking after, and we thank him for this display of paternal solicitude.

THE PERSIAN QUEEN AND OTHER PICTURES OF TRUTH. By Rev. E. P. Thwing. Pp. 68. New York, I. K. Funk & Co., 10 and 12 Dey St. Standard Series, No. 63.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt, from its author, of one hundred copies of this little book, for use in our loan libraries for seamen. The sketches are apt and forceful.

Sailors' Home, New York, 190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JANUARY, 1882.

Total arrivals.....	104
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,404
of which \$538 was sent to relatives and friends,	
\$140 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$448	
was returned to depositors.	

Planets for March, 1882.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; is stationary among the stars in Aquarius at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 7th; is in conjunction with the Moon at 33m. past noon of the 17th, being 6° 2' south; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 21st at 6 o'clock, being 27° 46' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the Morning of the 24th, at which time it rises at 5h. 5m., and south of east 14° 12'.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 5h. 55m., and south of west 10° 22'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 15m. before midnight on the 19th, being 5° 47' south.

MARS is due south on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 26m., being 23° 21' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 26th at 6h. 2m., being 5° 39' north.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 11h. 34m., and north of west 22° 47'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23rd at 3h. 19m., being 1° 23' south.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 30m., and north of west 16° 5'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 22nd at 5h. 9m., being 4° 5' south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, January, 1882.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 29, of which 18 were wrecked, 2 sunk by collision, 1 was abandoned, 3 foundered, and 5 are missing. The list comprises 2 steamers, 3 ships, 9 barks, 3 brigs and 12 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$893,160.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *s. c.* sunk by collision, *a* abandoned, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Moravian, *w.* from Portland for Liverpool.

Dover, *f.* from Havana for Mobile.

SHIPS.

Transit, *m.* from Liverpool for New York.

Tubal Cain, *m.* from Singapore for San Francisco.

Margaretta, *w.* from Bremen for New York.

BARKS.

Jennie Pitts, *w.* from Hawaiian Islands for Puget Sound.

Haiden, *w.* from Philadelphia for Bremen.

J. H. M., *w.* from New York for Vienna.

Rachel, *w.* for New York.

Forward Ho, *w.* from Higo for Portland, O.

Orizia, *w.* from Port Royal for Dublin.

F. L. Carney, *w.* from Navassa for Baltimore.

Island Home, *w.* from Pensacola for Greenock.

Harvest Home, *w.* from San Francisco for Port Townsend.

BRIGS.

R. B. Gove, *w.* from Pensacola for New Haven.

Fannie H. Jennings, *m.* from Barbadoes for Orchilla.

Henry Colpel, *w.* from Yarmouth, N. S. for Boston.

SCHOONERS.

Mary & Catharine, *s. c.* Oysterman in Chaptank River.

Robert & Minnie, *m.* from Eureka for San Francisco.

W. G. Moseley, *a.* from Jacksonville for Bermuda.

C. S. Tappan, *w.* Fisherman, on Pulpit Rock.

Stampede, *m.* from Boston for Jacksonville.

Anna F. Wahab, *w.* from Georgetown, N. C. for Georgetown, S. C.

Ida, *f.* from Elizabethport for Bridgeport.

Hum, *w.* from Boston for St. John, N. B.

J. Ricardo Jova, *w.* from New York for Richmond.

Dorado, *f.* from Orland, Me. for Boston.

Sarah W. Blake, *s. c.* for Taunton.

Iris, *w.* Fisherman, for York Harbor.

Of the above, 1 steamer, 1 ship, 2 barks, 2 brigs, and 11 schooners were owned wholly in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$192,420.

Receipts for January, 1882.

MAINE.

Blue Hill, Rev. James P. Thomas....	\$ 1 00
Kennebunk, Mrs. C. C. Worth	1 00
Martinsville, M. E. ch.....	10 45
South Bridgewater, Cong. ch.....	5 69

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Amherst, Cong. ch.....	1 50
Concord, So. Cong. ch.....	12 53
Dalton, Mrs. Nancy K. Stone.....	2 00
East Derry, James C. Taylor, a "New Year's Offering,"	20 00
Exeter, Mrs. E. P. Soule.....	1 00
Greenland, Cong. ch.....	12 26
Hanover, Rev. S. P. Leeds.....	1 00
Hebron, Rev. J. B. Cook.....	1 00
Hollis, Cong. ch.....	2 00
Milford, Cong. ch.....	5 02
Mrs. Joseph Crosby.....	1 00
Mount Vernon, Cong. ch.....	6 85
Windham, Clarissa Hills.....	5 00

VERMONT.

Bennington, 2nd Cong. ch., of wh. to const. two Life Members, \$60.....	63 82
South Burlington, P. E. Smith.....	1 00
Springfield, Adna Brown	5 00
St. Johnsbury, No. Cong. ch.....	3 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Cong. ch.....	10 50
Amherst, Amherst College ch.....	33 95
Andover, Holbrook Chandler.....	1 00
Ashby, 2nd ch.....	3 70
Boston, Bark <i>Antioch</i> , Captain Hemmingsway.....	5 00
Brig <i>Alice Clifford</i> , Capt. Storer... ..	1 00
Charlton, W. C. Fisk.....	1 00
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\$4.098 30

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 Lowell, Mass., Elliot church, to const. Wm H. Ward a Life Member, amt. previously acknowledged.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Out of the Mouth of Babes.

"Little Annie Wilder has joined the church," said Mrs. Fielding to her friend, Mrs. Brewster.

"Joined the church! Well, I must say I don't believe in filling the church with children, and such material too. I don't believe Annie Wilder knows how to read."

"And her mother is such a low-lived termagant," added the first speaker.

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it; she takes a drop too much, I am told."

"Say a great many drops, and you will get nearer the truth," was the reply.

This bit of dialogue took place in Mrs. Fielding's pretty summer parlor, in a certain suburb.

It happened that not long thereafter Annie Wilder came to Mrs. Fielding, and asked for work. She was set to washing dishes and cleaning vegetables, and a most efficient little handmaiden she proved. She was gay as a bird, warbling snatches of hymn and song as she hurried from one task to another.

One day Mrs. Fielding said:—

"Annie, I wonder you are not more serious since you joined the church. It is a great responsibility to be a church member, and religion is a serious thing."

Annie paused in her work, looked at the lady with her sweet, truthful eyes, and said:—

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am."

"I feared as much," said Mrs. Fielding, lugubriously. "Child! do you know what it means to join the church?"

"It means being on Jesus' side," said Annie, her face radiant; "and oh I love Him so that I can't help singing!"

"But," said Mrs. Fielding, "don't you have any fears, any struggles?"

"Why should I, ma'am?" asked the child, her clear eyes opening wide.

The lady said no more, but she shook her head ominously as she walked away.

The hot weather came on; family trials were onerous; nobody had an appetite; the children were cross; papa was critical. One morning Mrs. Fielding felt particularly out of condition. The sun, but a little way on his journey, shone with noonday intensity. Not a leaf stirred. The breakfast was tasteless. The flies were aggravating. I don't know how it happened, but it only takes a little spark to make an explosion when the train is laid. Some unguarded word was spoken, a temper blazed; a child was slapped and sent away from the table; the husband remonstrated; sharp words followed; then recrimination, tears, a downright quarrel.

"O, the trouble of living!" groaned Mrs. Fielding, when husband and children were out of the house and she was left

alone. "I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" and she gave herself up to hysterical sobbing.

By-and-by, when the storm was a little cleared away, came Annie, her face serene, her eyes soft and untroubled.

"Please excuse me, ma'am, for being so late," she said, "but mother was bad this morning and wouldn't let me come."

"What is the matter with her?"

The child blushed.

"She has been drinking, I suppose," said Mrs. Fielding.

Annie raised her arm at that minute, and there, on the soft, fair flesh was the livid mark of a blow.

"What is that?"

"Please don't ask me, ma'am; it is nothing."

"Your mother has been beating you,—and what a face! You look as if you hadn't a trouble in the world. How can you bear such things?"

"I keep saying 'em over, ma'am."

"Saying what over?"

"The charity verses. I said 'em so fast I didn't hear mother very plain."

"What do you mean?"

"'Love suffereth long and is kind,'—isn't it beautiful, ma'am?" and the child's face glowed. "And then when I started to come here," she continued,—"I couldn't help feeling bad and lonesome, and I thought of another verse: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Always, ma'am, think of that! It means Jesus, ma'am; and oh, I love him so!"

Mrs. Fielding went to her own room, dumb before the wisdom of an ignorant child. Presently Annie's voice came floating out on the stifling air. She was singing,—*"His loving kindness, O how great."*
—*Christian Union.*

The Echo Boy.

A little boy once went home to his mother and said, "Mother, sister and I went out in the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mock-

ing us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said the mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho.' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he said, 'Who are you?' So I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself.' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out, I will punch your head.' And he said, 'I will punch your head.'"

So his mother said, "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said, "Now, Johnny, when you get to be a man, whatever you will say to others, they will by-and-by say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture,—*"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again."*

The Netherwood Streamlet.

Born within a mountain nook
Was the little laughing brook;
Out from shadows into light,
Down it leaped from mountain height.

Through the woods its wavelets gleam,
Where the sunbeams kiss the stream,
And its laughter, in the wilds,
Is as merry as a child's.

Through the vale the streamlet sings,
And the answering birds it brings;
Who with song, at break of day,
Come to bathe within its spray.

Green its banks on either side,
Where the flowers peep and hide,
And the sweetest fragrance shed,
By its limpid waters fed.

And though winter comes, at last,
And with fetters binds it fast,
Still its heart, unbound and warm,
Laughs beneath the ice and storm.

Be our course of life like this,
Full of beauty, light and bliss,
Flowing down from Calvary's height,
Fruitful, with its virtues bright.

Singing forth in joyous thanks,
Like the streamlet through its banks;
Warm with gentle summer's breath;
Happy e'en in wintry death.

Getty, in New York Observer.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1881, was 7,111; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,293. The number of volumes in these libraries was 391,070, and they were accessible to 278,840 men. Nine hundred and twenty-one libraries, with 33,156 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 105,236 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.

During January, 1882, seventy-nine loan libraries,—forty-seven new, and thirty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,423 to 7,465, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,324, 7,328, 7,329 and 7,335, at Boston.

The thirty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 2,707,	No. 4,987,	No. 5,735,	No. 5,987,	No. 6,055,	No. 6,627,	No. 6,808,	No. 6,914,
" 4,012,	" 5,127,	" 5,783,	" 6,013,	" 6,371,	" 6,692,	" 6,887,	" 7,037,
" 4,333,	" 5,485,	" 5,834,	" 6,016,	" 6,392,	" 6,765,	" 6,845,	7,039,
" 4,860,	" 5,496,	" 5,976,	" 6,017,	" 6,449,	" 6,802,	" 6,867,	7,071.

The Power of Mothers.

I was in the company of a talented Christian lady when a friend said to her, "Why have you never written a book?"

"I am writing *two*," was the quiet reply. "Have been engaged on one for ten years, the other five."

"You surprise me," cried the friend. "What profound works they must be!"

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be," was her reply;—"but when He makes up his jewels my great ambition is to find them there."

"Your children?" I said.

"Yes, my two children; they are my life-work."

I rejoiced to hear this Christian mother's outspoken words of love and faith, and said in my heart, if all mothers builded over against their own house in this manner what would there be for reformers?

I know another,— "who being dead yet speaketh." These volumes which lie by my hand are old and worn so that you can hardly read the words,— "Cottage Bible:"—well do I remember a plain, sweet face, bending over these open volumes.

She never held a pen other than for friendship's sake. Yet she gave to the world five living epistles. It was given her to come to the table of her Lord with every child. Once her wayward boy, to all human appearance, lay dying in a foreign land, yet he lived to say to that mother, "I knew you were praying for me. I knew you would pray me home."

Years after that faithful mother had gone to her rest he came for a casual visit to the old home. It was the evening of the usual weekly prayer-meeting and he stood up to speak a word for Jesus, and closed by saying,— "Whatever I am or ever hope to be, or if I ever enter heaven, I owe it all to my mother."

The effect was electrical. One mother instantly arose and said,— "When I am gone, will my children say this of me?"

Another, with streaming eyes, said,— "I am an unfaithful mother; pray for me."

Another fell on her knees and begged God's mercy on her children. Prayer followed prayer, and a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit in that church, in which scores of the young were gathered in, *was the result.*—*Congregationalist.*

She Will Need Them No More.

Some days since a man noticed a ragged little bootblack culling some bright blossoms from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown from a chamber window into the alley.

"What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the gentleman.

"Nawthin," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work.

"But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?"

"I s'pose that's my bizness, an' none o' yourn."

"Oh, certainly, but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?"

"Sell 'em! who wants to sell 'em! I'm goin' to take em' to Lil."

"Oh, oh! Lil is your sweetheart, I see."

"No, Lil is not my sweetheart; she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. "Lil's been sick for a long time, an' lately she talks of nothin' but flowers and birds, but mother tole me this morning that Lil would die b-b-before the birds and flowers came back."

The boy burst into tears.

"Come with me to the florist's, and your sister shall have a nice bouquet."

The little fellow was soon bounding home with his treasure. Next day he appeared and said:—

"I came to thank you, sir, for Lil. That bouquet done her so much good, and she hugged and hugged it till she set herself a-coughing again. She says she'll come bime-by and work for you, soon's she gits well."

An order was sent to the florist to give the boy, every other day, a bouquet for Lil.

It was only the day before yesterday that the bootblack appeared again. He stepped inside the office door and said:—

"Thank you, sir, but Lil—Lil (tears

were streaming from his eyes) won't—need—the flowers any more."

He went quickly away, but his brief words had told the story. Lil won't need the flowers any more, but they will grow above her and the birds will sing around her just the same.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Curious Combat.

A traveler in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace. Pursuing him was a host of small ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head, and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass-stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

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80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1823. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars, at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is sent, when asked for, gratuitously, to Life-Members and Life-Directors, upon annual request for the same. It is also sent, gratuitously, to pastors of churches which take a yearly collection for the Society.

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1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Loan Libraries For Ships.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., at the shortest notice.—Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York City Bible-Society, 150 Nassau Street.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society....	" J. W. Thomas.
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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to save their souls.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has its stations in JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and also upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT, for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—The provision of LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1881, is 7,111. Calculating 7,293 reshipments, their 391,070 volumes have been accessible to more than 278,840 men. Over twelve hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sunday-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c. The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any SAILORS' HOME in the world. It has accommodated 98,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, (not less than one hundred, since January, 1880,) have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.